



# Run



fiction

action

37 1 4

## Chapter 1 by Jonathan

All I every did is run. My whole life was nothing but running from the people who chased me. But today, I will change that. Today, THEY will be the ones running, THEY will pay for everything I've lost because of them. At least, that's what I thought would happen today. I just wish something would go right in my life. Everything I every owned is gone, I can't have friends or else they will die because of me. But I can't help it, I am constantly being followed, tracked and monitored. All this started when I was young, about eight, when they broke into my house. It was a cold evening, just me and my parents, eating dinner, laughing, telling each other how there day went when a loud boom came from down-stairs.

## Chapter 2 by Jenny Neill



I clutched onto the table, my knuckles white. My heart was thundering in my ears as I looked to my wide-eyed parents.

"Ethan, go out the back door!" my dad yelled, rushing to rummage the kitchen for his pistol.

"But..." I was horrified. "What was that? What are we going to do?"

"Ethan, you need to go out the back door..." See more of Story Wars

"What about you? I want to..."

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"ETHAN!" My father's face was purple now, seething with rage and fear. He grabbed the landline off the pedestal and tossed it to me. "If you really want to help, call the police. But do it OUTSIDE."

At this point I was too afraid to argue. I had never seen my father this mad. "Yes sir."

My mom took me outside on the porch, down the porch steps, and hid me under the deck. She kissed my forehead.

"Ethan, we don't know what's going on, but it will all be okay." She hugged me. "DON'T MOVE, okay? No matter what! Call nine-one-one and tell them to come immediately."

I looked at my mom, her brown hair blending in with the autumn leaves. Irony, considering her name was Autumn. "You need to be a hero for us, Ethan."

My brown eyes were wide as I nodded.

My mom ran off, and I dialed nine-one-one on the landline.

"911, what's your emergency?" a young woman's voice said clear into my ear from the phone.

"Hello, police? I need the police to come to my house."

"We're tracking your location now, and we're on our way. Can you tell me your name, son?"

"Ethan."

A pause.

"Can you tell me your LAST name, Ethan?"

"Um... my dad is called Mr. Blair sometimes."

"Okay, thank you. Do you know what is going on in your house?"

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"I was eating dinner with Mom and Dad when I heard a BOOM sound from down the stairs. My dad got a gun and started shouting. I hid under the table, my voice shaking."

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"Okay, well we're going to help you, Ethan. It's all going to be alright."

The operator kept firing questions at me, but I stopped listening as footsteps trotted above me.

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I froze, my hands gripped firmly on the phone in my hand. The operator was still talking, but I was too afraid to ask her to shut up. I was paralyzed with fear.

Eventually I worked up the nerve to whisper weakly into the phone, "Someone's coming."

The operator's voice froze, the unstoppable firing of questions abruptly ceasing. She whispered back to me, "Help is on the way. Are you still there? Don't move."

I nodded, not that she knew that.

The steps echoed through my bones, the THUNK THUNK THUNK of heavy boots skimming across the vast porch. Eventually, I heard them descend down the stairs.

My heart jumped with every step as the figure came into view. I nearly cried.

It was my father.

"Ethan? Ethan, it's okay. There is nothing wrong."

"What was that bang sound?"

"We don't know. We're inspecting it, but there is no danger. It's probably just some plumbing issues. Do you want to help?"

I smiled. "Yeah, I'm just glad you're okay." I ran into his arms and hugged him.

My dad chuckled, "Me too. We'll tell the police what happened, they'll surely understand."

I didn't want to let go of him, so he carried my eight-year-old self through the door and down

the stairs, where my mom awaited, inspecting the boiler.

"Hey kiddo, Check this out!"

I ran over to her and looked at the hole in the wall. I found a pipe, sealant glue in the other

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"Yeah, it's my sparring rod. I use it in karate class. It's always hanging in my bedroom when I'm not in class."

The detective-police guy covered his mouth. "We only found one set of fingerprints on this rod. Yours."

"What do you mean?"

The detective frowned, his expression serious. "Ethan Blair, did you kill your parents?"

My eyes widened. "What? No! I'm-- I'm eight, okay? I--I... wait, they're DEAD?"

The officer's eyes widened. I assumed he didn't want to be the one to tell me that. "Ethan--"

His sentence was interrupted by my sobs.

He waited until I was done before continuing.

"Kid, you're a suspect. Please cooperate."

"I don't want anything to do with you! Leave me ALONE!"

The officer rolled his eyes. He left the room, his black suit leaving a shadow behind him.

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That night, laying in the hospital bed, my burns raw and sore, I twisted myself up to the window. The snow had begun falling. Autumn was over.

Autumn. That was my mother's name. Was.

They thought I did it. They thought I, an eight-year-old boy, killed my parents because my only witnesses were dead.

I don't know what happened, but someone broke into my house and killed my parents without managing to get their fingerprints. I would find them, and I would make them suffer.

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That's why, for the first time of many, I ran.

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